Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: *Foord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.*

Ford. Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.

Miſ.For. Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maiſter *Page* take my keyes: helpe to ſearch. Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile ſhew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieſhu theſe are iealoſies & diſtemperes.

Exit omnes.

Miſ.Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Miſ. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them ſet downe the basket.

Miſ.Pa. Hang him diſhoneſt ſlaue, we cannot vſe
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealouſie.

Mi.For. Alas poore ſoule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him ceaſe
His iealous fits, if *Falſtaffes* loue increaſe.

Miſ.Pa. Nay we wil ſend to *Falſtaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we ſhould leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too.

Mi.For. Shall we be cōdemnd becauſe we laugh?
Tis old, but true: ſtill ſowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Miſ.Pa. Here comes your husband, ſtand aſide.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Miſ.Pa. Did you heare that? *Miſ.For.*